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'THE BLACKSMITH.'

'The Blacksmith,' which we give on this page, is a reproduction of a painting which was on exhibition in New York last month, and which aroused a great deal of interest. It is by Hubert E. Delorme, who died in Paris in 1894. Mr. Delorme was born at Givors, in the Rhone district, France, in 1842. From early life he had the artistic impulse. While still a young man he went to Paris and by his industry and skill soon made for himself a place in the world of art. His works are remarkably realistic. The 'Scientific American' gives the following description of 'The Blacksmith,' the most notable of all his works:—It embodies two features, involving very delicate handling and a fine appreciation of the different qualities of light. The sturdy smith stands gazing at the iron in the fire, which is nearing the proper heat. The ruddy glow of the forced fire is seen and the radiated heat is felt by the spectator as it is realized that both the heat and the light are received in full force on the face, neck and arms of the blacksmith, who patiently waits, tongs in hand, for the iron to heat. The sparks and the color of the fire show that the fuel used is charcoal. Smoke circles around the forge, and dust, cobwebs, cinders and tools are in their natural places.

An open door and a dusty window on the left let in bursts of sunlight, while another window—not seen—admits diffused daylight. Here, then, are three kinds of light flooding the shop and illuminating the figure, but still the light is all in perfect harmony. The different lights do not nullify each other, as one might suppose they would, but rather enhance the effect so as to bring out the figure of the blacksmith with wonderful relief against the remote depths of the shop. The flesh and muscles of the man have a texture belonging to a blacksmith. It requires no effort to feel that there is life in the picture. None of the details are slighted; the anvil and the hammer have an appearance which comes from continual use. The scale and cinders upon and around the anvil block show that the day's work is already partly done, and yet nothing in the picture has the appearance of having been overwrought. The engraving is said to be a very successful reproduction in half-tone of a very difficult subject.

THE HOUSE-WARMING.

(By Sarah K. Bolton.)

'Almost ready for the great event,' said Mr. Josiah Midland, portly and genial, to his wife, Martha, as they stood on the porch of a two-story brick house, nearly completed. 'I want the new house for you, Martha, and I want it also, I must confess, to show the people of Collinston that Josiah Midland has been a financial success. You know life has been a struggle since I left this town a boy, and worked my way on the railway to a place of trust. Life is not an easy thing for the best of us, and where the one gains in the race the many are so bound by the needs of every day that they can never rise above their surroundings. I kept good habits and saved my money. I owe that teaching to my hard-working mother.'

'Yes, you have been a great success,' said the thin and careworn wife who had shared his struggles and did not possess his buoyant temperament to throw off the wear of daily life. 'I almost dread to have a house-warming, for it will cost so much and bring no end of work. I should like to have the people see our beautiful home, but you know I cannot shine in society.'

Mrs. Midland looked up to her husband as the great factor in their worldly gains, and so he was, but he owed much to the economy and good

THE BLACKSMITH AND HIS FORGE. From the Painting by Hubert E. Delorme.

Lillie Pozer 2885-96

sense of the quiet woman who was glad to be his helper.

'Oh, you will shine enough, Martha, so that I shall be proud of you. After, the furniture is once in the house we will invite everybody, yes, everybody, rich and poor. It's great folly for a man to make social distinctions for himself as soon as he has a few thousands. I want to have them all enjoy the house. It's the handsomest house in the village, and they'll all be glad to come. The caterer will provide the supper, and you'll just have to shake hands with the guests and look pleased.'

'What do you think I had better wear, Josiah ?'

'Oh, you must have a new dress for the occasion. I like garnet. Get a garnet silk with a good deal of velvet, and you'll look handsome !' And Mr. Midland smiled in his big-hearted way, that had won him friends from his boyhood.

The new moon had risen in the west, and the stars were coming out brightly, as if all nature even was glad at Mr. Midland's success. As they left the house the church bells rang out.

'Let us go,' said Mr. Midland. 'The minister told me the other day that an evangelist was coming here. I forgot all about it, but it might pay us to go and hear him once. Religion isn't a thing of emotion to me, but I like to hear good preaching. I've never had any notion of joining a church myself, but I don't know what the community would be without the churches. Property would go down pretty quickly.'

The minister, as was human, felt the blood quicken in his veins as the successful railway man and his wife entered. Not that they were more important than poor people, but he knew that money consecrated to good ends is a power almost unlimited. He could only silently pray that some word would be uttered which would touch Mr. Midland's heart.

The young evangelist preached, not an extraordinary sermon, but a simple talk upon the power of a good life—a life that came but once and was spent so quickly. Mr. Midland sat like one awakened out of sleep. True, he had made money; he had a good moral character, but he would go through life but once, and he was living entirely for himself. He had never realized what a wonderful gift from heaven this life is, with all its possibilities to help others, to make the poor comfortable, the sad happy, to remove the causes of crime and discontent. He seemed all at once to have made a voyage of discovery and to have found a new land.

He said little on the way home, except to tell Martha that he felt strangely and that she must go to bed and sleep, but he would sit up a while and think. Mr. Midland did think long and carefully by the shaded lamp. He thought over his whole past experience. He had been prospered, and he owed all to a Higher Power. And after he had thought he prayed.

In the morning he said: 'Martha, I have given up the house-warming. I have decided to use the money to send a boy to college to become a preacher;' and then he added, 'For a man who turns the life of another heavenward does the greatest work in the world, and I must help to do the greatest hereafter.'

Mrs. Midland looked confused for a minute, and then she said, half audibly, 'I am very glad, Josiah.' After that night Mr. Midland's face took on an expression that was noted till his death, years afterward. It was as though he had talked with the angels and joined a new brotherhood. The genial man became more genial, more considerate, more self-controlled. It became literally true that, like his Master, 'he went about doing good.' Without children of his own, he devoted his property to the giving of the gospel to the people. He joined heartily by voice and money in all that elevated mankind. He built houses for the poor; he educated orphans; he held prayer-meetings in sparsely settled districts; he labored for temperance; he became the idol and ideal man of the community. He carried out his plan of using the house-warming money to educate a young man for the ministry, and lived to see his gift return him a thousand fold interest.—'Union Signal.'

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

LESSON IV.—Jan. 26, 1896.

Luke 4: 14-22.

THE EARLY MINISTRY OF JESUS.

Commit to memory vs. 18, 19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

His word was with power.—Luke 4: 32.

THE LESSON STORY.

After Jesus was baptized he was led into the wilderness to be tempted by Satan. When this was ended he began to preach and do wonderful works.

The people of Nazareth had heard of his miracles, such as the turning of water into wine, and the healing of the nobleman's son, and no doubt they were glad when he came to visit his old home again. They wanted to hear what he would say and see what he would do.

When the Sabbath day came Jesus went to the synagogue, where he had gone with his parents when a child. The synagogue was the place where the people met to worship God. Very likely many were there to hear what the new teacher would say.

When it was time to read the lesson from the prophets Jesus took the roll of the prophet Isaiah and began to read. He read the five things which Isaiah had foretold that Christ would do, and then he explained the meaning of the words and said that he was the one of whom all these gracious words were spoken.

At first the people listened gladly, and then they grew angry to hear Jesus say that he was the Messiah! In their anger they led him away to the top of a hill, meaning to throw him down and kill him. But Jesus, 'passing through the midst of them, went his way.—Berean Lesson Book.

LESSON OUTLINE.

I. The Power of the Spirit. vs. 14, 15.
II. Anointed to Preach. vs 16-19.
III. The Gracious Words. vs. 20-22.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 4: 1-13, Jesus Tempted.
T. Luke 4: 14-30, Jesus at Nazareth.
W. Isa. 61: 1-11, Anointed to Preach Good Tidings.
Th. John 1: 1-18, 'Full of Grace and Truth.'
F. Heb. 12: 18-29, 'Refuse not Him that Speaketh.'
S. Luke 4: 31-44, A Sabbath in Capernaum.
S. Luke 1: 21-34, Mark's Account of It.

Time.—A.D. 28, April; the beginning of the second year of Christ's public ministry, about fifteen months after the last lesson.

Place.—Nazareth, a city of Galilee, sixty-five miles north of Jerusalem, now called El-Nasira.

HINTS AND HELPS IN STUDY.

Jesus was tempted by Satan (Luke 4: 1-13) immediately after his baptism (see last lesson). Then followed about fifteen months of which Luke says nothing. John, in chapters 1: 19-5: 47, tells all we know about Jesus's life during this period. Most of the time he spent in Judea, but he twice visited Galilee. Read John's account of these important months. Jesus now hearing that Herod had imprisoned John the Baptist (Matt. 4: 12; Luke 3: 19, 20) left Judea and began his ministry in Galilee, and Luke, at verse 14, again takes up the record of Jesus's life. Nazareth had been his home for nearly thirty years. He now returns there and tells his old friends that he has come from God with blessings for them, that he is their long-promised Messiah; but they cast him off and tried to kill him. He left them in their sins, and went to do mighty works in Capernaum.

QUESTIONS.

What happened to Jesus after his baptism? How did he answer Satan when he was tempted? How many months between verses 13 and 14 of Luke 4? Where do we find the record of these months? Where did Jesus now come? What did he do on the Sabbath? From what book did he read? What were the words? What did he say about them? What did he mean? What did the people think of this? What further did Jesus say to them? Vs. 23-27. What was the effect of these words on the people? What did they do? Vs. 28, 29. Where did Jesus go? Vs. 30, 31.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. Christ cannot be hid; his life always reveals itself.
2. We should seek the good of our neighbors and friends.
3. Jesus gives us the example of regularly attending church.
4. Our mission as Christians is to carry blessings to men.
5. All the words of Christ are gracious words.

ILLUSTRATION.

Read the Bible. 'Jesus stood up for to read....and the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him.' Vs. 16, 20. For years the work of a Spanish countess was to read the Bible in various languages in hospitals and camps, never making a single comment of her own. Asked a question, she replied by reading a verse of the Scripture. Many were saved and blessed.

Work in the power of the Spirit. V. 18. God will bless the feeblest instrumentality, he will use the humblest means, if we will but abandon ourselves to the power of the Holy Spirit and do absolutely as he directs. Newman Hall stood early one morning on the summit of Snowdon, with a hundred and twenty others, who had been attracted hither by the prospect of an unusually grand sunrise. As they stood watching the sun tinge the mountain peaks with glory and sparkle in the thirty lakes, he was invited to preach. He was so overwhelmed with emotion that he could not, but poured out his soul in prayer. As he supplicated, the tears rolled down the faces of the people. A superhuman stillness possessed them. Quietly with solemn awe, they descended the mountain and scattered. Afterward, visiting this region, the Doctor was informed that forty people were converted that morning and had joined the Union Church in the neighborhood. 'But,' said he, 'I did not say a word to them; I only prayed. 'Yes, and more wonderful still, they did not know a word you said, for none of them can speak English, only Welsh.'

Preach deliverance to the captives. V. 18. Even a child may do this. One of the worst of criminals on his way to prison was strongly guarded in expectation of trouble. A little child who heard them talking about him, watched him with grieved look and quivering lips. The prisoner looked at her and turned suddenly away. In a moment he glanced back. He could not resist the sweet pity of that childish face. He watched it for an instant, then turned again with an impatient motion, that told the child she had annoyed him. Her tender little heart was sorry, and starting forward, she went to the dangerous man, and said, earnestly, 'I didn't mean to plague you, poor man; only I am sorry for you. And Jesus is sorry for you, too.' A policeman caught her quickly and gave her to her father. No one heard those whispered words but the ruffian. But their echo, with the picture of the tender, grieved child's face, went with him into his dreary cell. The keeper wondered when he found that this dreaded prisoner made no trouble, and that day by day he grew gentle and kind. Long months afterward the chaplain asked him how it was. 'It is a simple story,' said the man; 'a child was sorry for me, and she told me that Jesus was sorry for me, too; and her pity and his broke my heart.'—From 'Arnold's Practical Commentary.'

LESSON V.—Feb. 2, 1896.

Luke 5: 17-26.

THE POWER OF JESUS.

Commit to memory vs. 22-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of man hath power upon earth to forgive sins.—Luke 5: 24.

THE LESSON STORY.

Jesus went to Capernaum, a place in which he so often stayed for a time that it was called 'his own city.' It was a busy town on the shore of the blue Galilee, and it was natural that Jesus should be often there, for here was the home of warm-hearted Peter.

One day Jesus was teaching in the open court of a house which may have been Peter's house. So great a crowd came to hear him that the door was blocked up and no more could get in. But four men came carrying a mat, or cot, on which lay a man sick of the palsy. They were determined not to go away without seeing Jesus, and so they went on the roof, took off the cover and let the cot down in front of Jesus.

Jesus was pleased to see such faith as these men had. He knew what the sick man needed better than they did. He could see the sinful heart, which is worse than a sick body. And so he said, 'Man, thy sins are forgiven thee.'

Then the scribes and Pharisees began to find fault, and Jesus, to show that he had power to heal the soul, healed the sick man's body, and he rose up and walked away, carrying his bed with him.

Are you not glad that we have the blessed truth which the Golden Text teaches for our very own?—Berean Lesson Book.

LESSON OUTLINE.

I. Power to forgive Sins. vs. 17-20.
II. Power to Heal Disease. vs. 21-26.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 5: 1-11, The Draught of Fishes.
T. Luke 5: 12-16, Power to Heal.
W. Luke 5: 17-39, Power to forgive Sins.
Th. Luke 6: 1-11, Lord of the Sabbath.
F. Psalm 130: 1-8, 'There is forgiveness with Thee.'
S. 2 Pet. 3: 8-13, 'Not Willing that any Should Perish.'
S. Psalm 116: 1-19, The Lord Gracious and Merciful.

Time.—A.D. 28, summer, after Jesus's return from his first circuit in Galilee.

Place.—Capernaum, on the north-western shore of the Sea of Galilee.

HINTS AND HELPS IN STUDY.

After his rejection at Nazareth, Jesus went to the Sea of Galilee ('lake of Gennesaret,' Luke 5: 1), near Capernaum. Here occurred the incidents in Monday's Reading, Luke 5: 1-11. He then entered Capernaum, which became his home and the centre of his ministry in Galilee for about eighteen months. Here on the following Sabbath the events narrated in Luke 4: 31-41 took place. Upon his first circuit, which soon followed (Luke 4: 42-44), he preached throughout Galilee and healed many (Matt. 4: 23, 24), only one case, however, being recorded, viz., that in Tuesday's Reading, Luke 5: 12-16. Returning to Capernaum, he preached in the house in which he made his home. A crowd of earnest listeners filled the house and thronged the doors. Then occurred the beautiful and striking incident of to-day's lesson. Compare Mark 2: 1-12. Wednesday's Reading includes this and also the call of Levi (called also Matthew), which probably occurred later on the same day. This Reading also describes incidents (vs. 29-39) which most likely took place some months later. Thursday's Reading (Luke 6-11) seems to give the next recorded event after the call of Levi.

QUESTIONS.

Why did Jesus go from Nazareth to Capernaum? What happened on his way? Give an account of his first Sabbath in Capernaum. Where did he soon go? What is recorded of this, circuit? On his return, where did he preach? Who was brought to him? How? What did Jesus say to the paralytic? What did the scribes and Pharisees do? How did Jesus prove his power to forgive sins? How did the miracle affect those who saw it?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. We may bring our friends to Jesus with their troubles.
2. Sin is a much worse trouble than sickness.
3. Jesus will do for us that which we need most.
4. Jesus can forgive sin because he is our Saviour.
5. We show we are forgiven by our new life.

ILLUSTRATION.

A man well along in years was a slave to the habits of using tobacco and morphine. He grew almost helpless. Physicians offered no remedy, for they had none. The man felt his sins, and feared the dreadful doom of the lost. His family were praying for him. At first he had small faith, but they laid his case daily before God. The glad day came when God forgave his sins, and more than that, healed his body which was so wrecked on account of sin. A week later this happy man met some of his business friends on the street, and said, 'Friends, I have not touched tobacco or morphine for more than a week.' At once they expressed their alarm, and offered to supply him with both, but he replied, 'Friends, there is a higher power than man's doing this for me. God has saved my soul and healed my body.' Then the story was repeated, which filled them with wonder, while he gave God all the glory. Only for the example before them they could not have believed such a miracle possible.

PRACTICAL APPLICATION.

Bring others to Jesus. V. 18. An evangelist was reminded of this miracle in one of his meetings, by sixteen men who had came a distance of as many miles bringing four unconverted friends. It was a noticeable sight to see these twenty men marching into the church, and a blessed sight to see them marching out at the close, with their four friends rejoicing in God their Saviour.

An evangelist began his revival work with the following recommendation:—'When you go home to-night take your memorandum-book and write down the names of six unconverted acquaintances, after asking God to direct your thoughts. Let these souls constitute your charge.' A letter carrier wrote down the names of six of his fellow letter carriers, not one of whom was a Christian. He began by inviting them to come to the meetings. Then to ask others to unite with him in prayer for their salvation. Day and night he gave himself to the securing of that end. He would with great tact get others to speak with them, until the men became deeply impressed with the fact that so many were personally interested in them. Five of them were converted.—From Arnold's Practical Commentary.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING.

MRS. C. F. WILDER,
Vice-President of Kansas of the National Household Economic Association.

When possible, get all the rooms on one floor. If one must go up or down stairs, have some method of doing several errands on one trip. The kitchen ought to be furnished with thought and care. The best steel range and a light oil or gasoline stove are the foundation of all labor-saving utensils. Then provide as many other labor-saving articles of household use as is necessary, and have them always in place within easy reach. An oiled floor, painted and varnished ceiling and walls, two tables, a high chair in which to sit when paring potatoes and apples or mixing a pudding, a low rocker in which to sit and read while 'watching the pot boil,' and a homely (using the word in its original meaning) lounge, with a habit of using it when tired.

To make life comfortable and to send the fret and worry clear away, learn what is needed for the pantry and order supplies 'by wholesale.' It is a great saving of nerve force to know, no matter what the emergency that there is enough. Sending to market every day, or two or three times a day, never quite sure of what is in the store-room and pantry, is of itself an intolerable burden.

It is well to prepare the menu early in the day for the whole day. Especially is it a good plan in summer.

We know a home where the menu is planned for a week, and when planned it is pasted on the pantry door. On the same door is a menu for emergencies, and to make sure that the material is on hand there is an 'emergency closet' in the chimney cupboard in the cellar. I will go and see what is in that emergency closet. Sardines, canned roast meat, canned lobster and salmon, a bottle of mayonnaise dressing, canned fruit, pickles, olives, lemons and oranges.

Time and strength are saved when cooking is done for several days at once, or when it is done for all day at an early hour in the morning. It takes but little longer to bring from the cellar, prepare and cook a dozen potatoes than it does to get and cook four, or six, or eight.

As I write, sitting by the kitchen range, laughing to myself over the experiments of the past week made in the way of learning the best methods of 'light housekeeping,' the potatoes are cooking for dinner, the potatoes for the salad for supper (with some of that mayonnaise dressing), potatoes enough for 'puffs' for breakfast, and two will be used for the yeast that raises the bread for to-morrow. To-morrow's dinner will not have white potatoes, for the stuffed baked fish in the oven will only need the baked sweet potatoes which were washed when to-day's potatoes were washed. Mashed white potatoes and warm fish do not make the same dinner as baked sweet potatoes and cold baked fish. Simple, easily-prepared diet need not mean monotony.

Beside the fish in the oven of this excellent steel range that is a perfect cooker, there are three covered earthen bowls. One has a custard and stands in a tin of water; one has dried California pears, washed first in boiling water, then cut fine and covered with sugar; and the other has escalloped tomatoes. Sometimes in the spring when one first begins to use dried fruit, there can be prepared at one time several kinds, as pears, apricots, and prunes.

Right here we wish to emphasize the thought—use fruit instead of pastry. Oranges, bananas, pineapples, apples, berries, not only are more healthful than pastry, but, when used, there is a great saving in time and labor. Fruits, nuts, raisins and a candy-box are a blessing to the house-mother when used judiciously.

Great benefit is derived, not only by the house-mother, but by every member of the family, when there is co-operative housekeeping—co-operative among the members of the family. Teach the boys how to market, sweep, dust, care for their own rooms, sew on their own buttons, and be genuine helpers in every way. Teach the girls, as fast as they are able to learn, every branch of domestic economy.

Bread baked by a good housekeeper near by is a great saving of work. A good cook to come into the home two mornings in the week is a help.

With all the definitions of 'light,' as applied to housekeeping, we do not find the word 'dawdling.' If the house-mother wants her hours for rest, study, recreation, she must work to that end—work when she works. If she proposes to have from nine until twelve in the morning, she must have it; but she cannot spend a half-hour with the canaries or at her neighbor's back door. But if any house-mother will look forward to something bright and pleasant that will come to her in one, two, three or four hours, and work with that happy anticipation in mind, just so surely will all her tasks be light and housekeeping—home-keeping—be made the delightful thing it was to our first mother before she went out the gate of Paradise.

SUNDAY MORNING NAPS.

A writer in the Michigan 'Christian Advocate' says: I have known Christian fathers to keep the morning meal awaiting their presence a full half hour, the patient wife with all the desire natural to attend church seeing that it will not be possible to-day, and sadly giving up to an unreasonable habit. Breakfast over, all is hurry and confusion. Prayers are hurried over with no sense of their preciousness. The worn mother at last has all her brood ready, and with the help of the eldest daughter the house put in order and as the last bell calls hears the voice of her husband, who with hat in hand calls from the veranda:

'Come, mother, it's late.'

'I know it. Go right along. I shall not have time to dress.'

'Why, I thought you would not miss hearing your old minister.'

That was the last straw. A door closed; and poor Mrs. Ford flung herself on the lounge in tears of disappointment, while the husband and children started rapidly to church, entering just as the first prayer commenced. What a grieved prayer was going on that morning at the Ford home.

A knock at that door the next afternoon, and a cherry voice said: 'I ran over to see if you were ill, as I did not see you at church yesterday. I felt sure you would make an effort to hear our old minister, Alice.'

Tears sprang to the eyes and Alice answered: 'No, I was not sick, but, Milly, our family are so late to breakfast on Sunday that it is impossible for me to be ready for church. How do you manage?'

'Let me tell you, Alice. You remember I seldom got to church in our early maried life, and it was from just this same cause. Henry was tired with his week's work and wanted a morning nap. You know how we were brought up on the farm, 'early to rise.' I never outgrew the habit, and though I put off the breakfast, and had to give up church after the children's birth, it was with continual protest. You remember the first Sabbath Mr. Benton preached after our George was born, how I determined to go that morning at least, and made all preparations the night before, was up early, got the boys dressed, breakfast ready at eight, thinking Henry would certainly be ready then. After all I waited a half hour for him, and when at last the coffee was poured and the children helped, they had become so impatient for their food that they were very turbulent. Hearing the first bell, I knew it was all in vain to hope I could get the morning work done in time to go, and being, I suppose, worn out, I just fled to the bedroom to hide the tears that would come. There Henry found me in a few minutes and asked kindly, "Are you sick, Milly?" "Yes," I sobbed out, "sick of the hurry and scurry of Sunday morning." I bravely dried my tears. The children were coming, and I'm glad to tell you they were my last tears on this account. They killed those naps, for Henry whispered as he passed out with the children to church, "'Tis too bad. You shall never have cause again."

'He has kept his word. At my call he rose the next Sabbath, and our breakfast was all over by eight, prayers said, all preparation made, and once more I went, a happy woman, to church with my family, not worn out with a useless hurry all the morning. This is our better way, my friend. Oh, I am impatient for you to begin it too. Can you not?' Mrs. Ford shook her head as she replied, 'I'm afraid the habit can never be broken, it has been indulged years longer.'

'"All things whatsoever," we read. Let us take it to God.' With hands clasped at parting they agreed, and to the surprise of Mrs. Ford, the next Sabbath morning Mr. Ford rose at six, saying, 'Alice, I'm going to break up this bad habit of lying abed so late.' And from that happy morning all went well at the Ford home. Happy Mrs. Ford could take her place in the house of God with her family, and after church on their return her husband found his nap in the heat of the day far more refreshing than in keeping all the housework at a standstill for him. Morning naps may seem a small thing, are often taken by the otherwise best of husbands and fathers, but 'it is the little foxes that eat the vines.'

KEEPING THE HOUSE WARM.

'During a winter's trip to the extreme north of Canada,' said a woman who travels a great deal, 'I learned something that I have found available on many occasions, and believe that a little work of the same sort in ordinary houses would save many colds and sick spells and a good deal of suffering.

'The climate was intensely cold, and I wondered how it was that my friends kept their house so delightfully comfortable, and finally asked some questions. The mistress smiled, and, drawing back the curtains of one of the windows, said:

'"This is one of my little devices," and it was an ingenious one, sure enough. The room we were sitting in had a very large bow-window, a place always cold unless lined with steam pipes, but this one was as comfortable as any other portion of the apartment. From the window-sills to the floor were what appeared like short curtains attached to tapes and fastened to the casings just above the sills. When these curtains were drawn aside I discovered padding at least an inch and a half thick. This was made of cloth of all sorts and tied like the ordinary comfortable.

'"I used all my old cloth," said my friend, "to make these pads. They are filled with autumn leaves that the children gathered when they were dry. These leaves are laid upon a piece of cloth made ready for the purpose. Another piece is laid over it. Then they are tacked through like a comfortable, as you see. In this one window, which measures about fifteen feet of half circle, there are more than a dozen pads. They overlap each other, and are fastened to the floor by small tacks and strips of carpet binding. You will see that the floor is also padded. This cushion is made of ticking on the lower side, and whatever pieces of cloth I happened to have on hand for the upper portion. It fits the window snugly, like a mat in a Japanese room. This is about two and a half inches wide. You notice that the wall-pads come up to the level of the sill, and the curtains are an inch or so above them. This turns any draft of air that may creep through the double windows upward, and we never have any difficulty in sitting in this window in the coldest weather in winter. The walls of some of the rooms upstairs are protected with pads in the same way, especially the nursery, where the children spend most of the daytime. We try to keep the rooms warm, but children are extremely fond of being near the windows, and without some such protection I found that they were liable to colds and frequently complained of chilliness. Since adopting this plan I have had no trouble. The little ones are rarely sick. There is an abundance of fresh air, but it is warm air, and comes from a clean place out-of-dors. That is one thing I am very particular about.

'"Every spring the stitches in these pads are cut—the basting threads at the edges, for they are only basted together with ordinary wrapping twine—and the leaves are thrown out. The ticks and cloths are washed, dried and put away in the attic, where they remain until wanted again. I never use the pads the second time without making over. And although it involves quite a little work, it pays better than almost anything we can do in the warmth of the apartments and the health of the family."'—New York 'Ledger.'

THE HOT-WATER KETTLE.

It is often the simplest details of kitchen labor that are the most neglected. The hot-water kettle, for example. How many cooks pay any attention to it? Stale water, simmered and with all vitality cooked out, is its perennial portion, with an occasional filling up and sudden boiling as the need requires. If every housekeeper who reads this paragraph should go straight to her kitchen, lift the kettle and carry it to the window where a strong light will disclose its interior, nine out of ten of them will find a rusty layer of lime, iron and dregs that effectually prevents any good-flavored water from issuing from it. The kettle needs the same frequent and thorough care that any kitchen utensil needs. Into such, having it already warm, put fresh filtered water, boil rapidly and use at once, and one of the large aids to palatable food is secured.—New York 'Times.'

LAMP CHIMNEYS AND WICKS.

A lamp-wick will never smoke if when new it is soaked in vinegar for a little while and then allowed to dry. It is better not to wash chimneys, but to rub them with a cloth dampened with alcohol. When the burners become blackened put them to boil in a pot of vinegar, to which a tablespoonful of salt has been added.—'Congregationalist.'

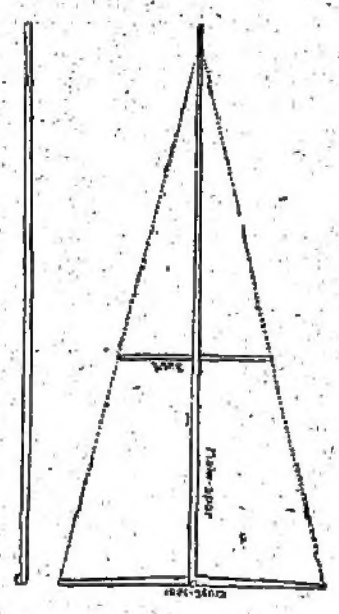
GINGERBREAD PUDDING.

Mix one-quarter pound of suet with one-half pound of sifted flour; add a pinch of salt, one and one-half gills of molasses (either Porto Rico or New Orleans, preferably the former,) one teaspoonful of ginger, and when thoroughly mixed one well-beaten egg and one-half pint of milk, in a part of which should be dissolved one-half a teaspoonful of soda. It may be necessary to use more liquid. It should be proportioned to the stiffness of molasses and flour. The original receipt calls for candied peel, but currants, sultanas or all three may be used. Turn into a buttered mould or bowl, and boil for three hours.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A SKATE-SAIL.

HOW TO MAKE AND USE IT—A FASCINATING SPORT.

Of skate-sailing in general less needs to be said now than a dozen years ago. It is wonderfully fine and



How it is made.

fascinating sport, based on the longing for wings. Who can stand skate-shod on the ice with a fresh wind blowing, and not feel that longing? But although many of us boys had long felt that desire, it was only with the introduction of the form of sail of which I write that skate-sailing came into great popularity among us.

Our sail is, to describe it in the simplest terms, simply a triangular piece of cloth, stretched on a T-shaped frame, carried to windward but unattached to the body. One of its chief merits is its simplicity. Yet it has other excellent qualities; I know of no other form of sail with which so large a wind-surface can be carried with such complete safety.

It is a safe sail because it is unattached to the body; with a little experience one can even drop it upon the ice if it becomes necessary. In using a sail which is fastened to the body there is always the danger, especially in a gusty wind, when skate-sailing is at its best, of one's sail becoming unmanageable.

The frame, which should be spruce or light pine, consists of two pieces. The length of the cross-spar should be about twice the distance from the ground to the armpit of the boy as he stands upon skates. Thus, for a boy of sixteen, the cross-spar should be perhaps eight feet long. In order to express myself definitely I shall describe this size of sail throughout, it being understood, of course, that other sizes should be in about the same relative proportion.

The thickness of the cross-spar should be one inch, and its width two and a half inches in the middle, tapering towards the ends. By width, in reference to the spars, I mean that dimension which lies in the plane of the sail.

The main-spar should be twice the length of the cross-spar; that is, for an eight-foot cross-spar, a sixteen-foot main-spar. The greatest strain on the main-spar is at one-third of the distance from the forward end. Here it should have a width of an inch and a half, tapering back to an inch at the rear end. The thickness at the point of greatest strain should be two inches, tapering slightly backward and forward.

At a point two inches from the main-spar's forward end it is joined to the cross-spar at its middle point by a quarter-inch bolt; a thumb-nut for this is convenient but not necessary. Round corners on the forward half of the main-spar make it more comfortable to handle.

The sail proper should be made of heavy unbleached muslin or sheeting, cut of such a size that, after hems have been made all round—one-half inch wide at the end, and one inch on the two long sides—the sail shall be a trifle narrower at the wide end than the length of the cross-spar, and about a foot shorter when stretched than the main-spar.

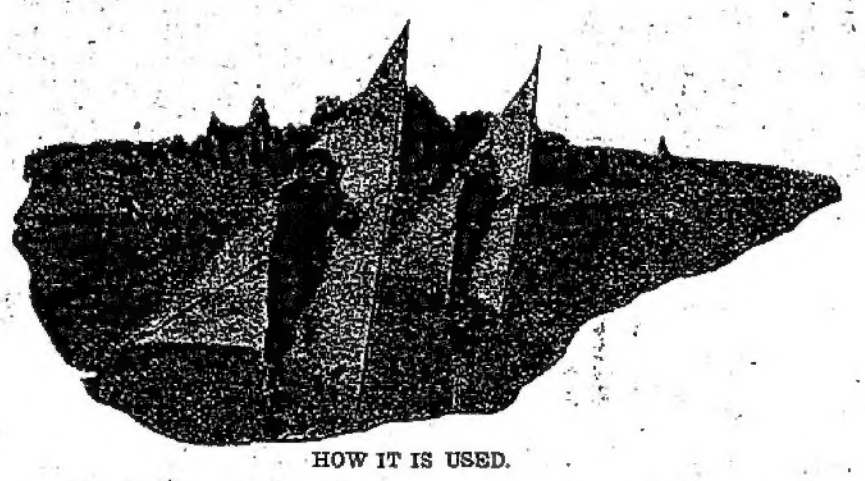
A quarter-inch rope should now be run through the two side hems, a protruding loop about three feet in length being left at the apex of the sail. The ends of the rope, after having been sewed tightly to the cloth at the two angles of the base, are knotted securely to the ends of the cross-yard through holes far enough apart to stretch the base of the sail snugly upon the yard, where it is fastened with tacks. In bolting the cross-yard to the main-spar the cloth side of the cross-yard is outside. The apex of the sail should be neatly and strongly stitched, but not fastened to the rope.

We now come to what may be called the halyards. In spreading the sail, the object to be secured is this: to pull the side ropes taut to the end of the main-spar, and then from swing the cross-yard around in line with the main-spar and roll the sail up, we will now go down to the ice for a trial.

The sail is carried on the windward side of the body, the main-spar being held under the arm about three or four feet from the forward end. The lower end of the cross-spar comes a few inches above the ice; the rear end of the main-spar drags.

The centre of resistance is, as I have said, one-third of the distance from the forward end. The whole problem of steering is involved with one's relation to this point.

If you are going directly before the wind you should be just at this point. If you are tacking you should come a little forward. If you would come



HOW IT IS USED.

into the wind, steer closer with your skates and come to the front of the the same point to pull the cloth tight upon the ropes. This may be accomplished in many ways, varying with the inclinations and ingenuity of the builder. I will describe what is perhaps the simplest way:

About three inches back from the apex of the sail is sewed, by means of several laps of cloth, an enamelled iron ring perhaps an inch in diameter. The loop of rope already spoken of is pulled taut, and fastened by being passed through a hole in the end of the main-spar; it is then turned back, passed through the ring, again pulled taut and fastened by being caught over a hook or some such device.

One thing more; the sides of your sail will sag too much unless they are stiffened by a sprit. Somewhat forward of the middle point of the sides the rope is bared of the hem for an inch, the edges of the hem being oversewed to prevent ravelling. A piece of hickory or ash, one-half inch by one inch, notched at the ends, is sprung into place.

Now your sail is done, I believe. You have taken a day or perhaps two to make it. Five dollars is a fair estimate of the cost of material. If you will loosen the halyards and sail, when, of course, all the wind is spilled behind. To come about, the sail is shifted to the other arm by being passed over the head and turned upside down. There is always perfect safety so long as you are able to come forward of the centre of resistance.

Now, if you are ready let us take a long flight up the river. There is a strong and gusty gale, the kind of wind that makes you love the sport. The hard surface of the ice stretches out before us far and wide, polished and smooth, and ringing, when struck, like a plate of finely tempered steel. We are off.

How the wind rushes! But we know you of old, Boreas! Many a time have we wrestled with you upon this glassy arena! We speed away with a swoop, the sharp steel hissing, the wind stinging our faces, the spray from our skates whirling over the surface. Braced with all our strength, we lean far over upon the wind. Yet a stronger gust has seized us, and we are whirled away like leaves across the ice.

But here we are at the end of our course, and we rush up into the wind; it howls and roars about us, and the sail shakes and quivers. Again we are off on our wild flight back.

There is joy in an ocean-swim, through the surf and out upon the great waves. There is joy in swimming in the brown water of some northern river among great, fragrant logs. I remember moments when tearing over the ice on skates after a 'shinny block' seemed the most glorious thing in life.

Again, there are the memories of long skatings off into the sunset, with fine feelings of freedom and power. Or our skates have led us on into quiet bayous, which stretch back into the depths of the solemn forest. We linger to watch the colors in the west through the branches and among the great trunks of the elms. Then, as we turn homeward in the phantom light of the moon, we hear the reverberating cry of the great owls, and the river begins solemnly to boom with the settling down of night.

Among a host of such happy memories I count many a glorious sail on skates.—A. W. Whitney, in 'Youth's Companion.'

TWO WAYS TO WIN.

'I wish to learn the violin,' said she, 'and to make myself famous.'

She spoke to a philosopher, who slowly lifted his tranquil eye and said: 'There are two ways. The first and truest is, get the best master that you can, go by yourself and put in several years and practice under his instruction. The second best is, get a fairly good instructor, learn something about the violin, and then go to all your friends and ask them to buy tickets to your entertainment, and get the newspapers to say that you play well. For a while the last succeeds; but if you have really mastered your instrument these social and advertising methods will not be needed, for you will have become like Orpheus, who had but to put his instrument in motion, and even the wild beasts of the forest gathered to listen.'

The young lady looked at him with widening eyes.

'I know a case in point,' continued the philosopher. 'Two young men were graduated from our best university. They were presentable, fine fellows, one of them particularly handsome and both determined to succeed. I was present at a dinner given by the dean one night, a few years later, and the chief justice was there. The handsome young fellow who wished to get on helped him with his great-coat, carried the shawl of a lady of distinction, and made himself useful and delightful to every one. When I went down from the dinner I heard the voice of the other young fellow (he had not been asked), who was talking with a group of workingmen on the pavement. They were returning from a meeting that had been addressed by him and he was answering some of their questions. Nobody connected with the dinner gave any thought whatever to Number Two; but ten years later the handsome young fellow was still carrying a lady's shawl and helping a man of fame with his great-coat. He was charming to have about and made a hit in society; but the other had got in his work in a more thorough and solid way. He had gone to Congress, and was the author of standard works on the new political economy, and everybody says he will yet be himself the chief justice.'

The young lady rose and said to the philosopher, while her face glowed: 'Goodbye, and thank you. I am going by myself to practice the lesson given me on the violin by a great master and another lesson just given me—by a greater.'—Frances E. Willard, in 'Union Signal.'

A BAD THROAT.

(By Mrs. E. J. Richmond.)

'Doctor, please look down my throat,' said a seedy young man to the village doctor.

'Sore throat, eh?' said the doctor.

'Worse than that,' said the young man. 'Consumption, I think. Why, a whole farm, farming implements and all, and a large stock of cattle have gone down my throat, and I haven't a dime to call my own.'

'The trouble is a little higher up than the throat,' said the doctor. 'Why, man! when your father left you that fine, well-stocked farm he thought that you had brains enough to keep it.'

'Didn't think that in ten years I'd be a beggar,' said the young man bitterly.

'Well, Tom,' said a friend sitting near, 'I reckon I'm just about as big a fool as you.'

'Why, Jim, you never drink a drop of liquor, and that's what floored me,' said Tom.

'No; but I smoke. I reckoned up the cost the other day, and as sure as you live I've smoked cigars enough to pay for a nice farm; and I don't even own the house I live in. We're a couple of fools, I take it.'

'That is a sensible conclusion,' said the doctor.

'Now, you can be cured just as easy as to shut your mouth.'

'Gold cure?' said Tom.

'Better than that. Just resolve: "God helping me, I'll never open my lips to take a pipe or cigar or a glass of liquor," and if you are a man you're safe.'

'It looks easy,' said Tom.

'Let's try it,' replied his friend.

'Give me your hand on it,' said Tom.

The men clasped hands.

'Now be true soldiers, and fight for your sacred honor and your lives,' said the doctor.

And they conquered. Men who are respected and honored in the community, where they own pleasant homes, they are not likely soon to forget the good doctor's prescription.—'Temperance Advocate.'

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR ITEMS.

Christian Endeavor now illumines the land of the midnight sun. The first society in Norway was formed a few weeks ago in Christiana.

Tennessee Juniors are circulating pledges among the mothers, asking that all eggs laid by the fowls on Sundays be given to them for missionary purposes.

Some Colorado Endeavorers have organized a Washington '96 Club, to which each member contributes five dollars monthly towards his convention expenses next July. 'On to Washington!'

Good literature to the extent of seventy-five thousand or one hundred thousand pieces, in the shape of papers, magazines, and books was distributed last year by the Chicago Good Literature Exchange, Box 1013, Chicago.

BISCUITS AND DRIED BEEF.

A PANACEA.

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By S. H. M.

CHAPTER II.

A WEDDING AND A DISAPPOINTMENT.

The rector and his wife were very much in earnest. July 1 had dawned, and they felt that now their experiment was to be put into full operation. The little capital on hand at the date of their resolution to 'owe no man anything,' had dwindled to less than one dollar. Both were anxious to receive the cheque from the treasurer, in order to pay the two small bills outstanding, for they felt that nothing could be done in the way of a beginning so long as those debts were unpaid.

'John, the postman is coming!' exclaimed Mrs. Forest, as she spied the messenger coming up the steps. the steps.

Mr. Forest went to the door, and was handed two letters. He came back to the room where his good wife was busy with household duties, but no smile seemed to welcome the letters, as he gazed at the superscription.

'From whom do they come, John?' called the nervous little woman, not willing to wait for the slower motions of her husband.

'Nothing but statements from Brown the market-man and from Barling the dry goods dealer,' was the reply.

'Well, dear, go right down and pay them, so we can begin with a clean balance sheet,' and the sprightly woman made the duster she was using fly around the legs of the table with renewed nervous force, as much as to say, 'I'll show you what I can do!'

'"Balance sheet" indeed! Where did you gain so much mercantile knowledge? "Go right down and pay 'em," you say! What would you advise paying with, Mrs. Secretary of the Treasury?'

The poor man was a little sarcastic, and women never can endure sarcasm. They may enjoy using the two-edged sword, but they recoil from the smart of the wounds when they feel the cut themselves. It should always be banished from the home, for it is not a promoter of peace.

The little woman dropped her work, and the duster hung limp in her hand, as her eyes looked up sorrowfully, she said:

'Why, John, what do you mean? Didn't you get a cheque from Mr. Roberts for your salary?'

'No, dear, there were only the statements,' and his tone was soft and affectionate, for he saw the unintended harshness of his former answer had hurt the tender heart of his wife.

'Forgive me, John, but I thought surely you would have the cheque, and I did not realize when you said you had two letters, and that both were bills, that you had no other;' and the tears that had been welling up began to course down her cheeks.

'Never mind, dear, it will come soon,' the rector said, soothingly.

'But I'm so disappointed,' wailed his better half. 'I thought we would start off so nicely to-day by paying those horrid bills, and then all would go along so much more easily. Why do you suppose Mr. Roberts failed to send it?'

'Well, really, wife, I don't know as we had any right to expect it so promptly on the first day of the month. You know it has often been several days later before it came; and, besides, Mr. Roberts does not always mail a cheque. He sometimes hands it to me when I go into the bank. I will go down town presently, and make an errand to the bank, and the cheque may be all ready for me.'

This was consoling, and the disconsolate body went again to work, only remarking:

'I think you are right after all. We really ought not to have set our hearts on having the money so early in the day. But, John, dear, you won't think me foolish, will you, on account of these tears? The tension was too great, and the chord snapped at the disappointment. I'm sure I won't do so again;' and the helpful wife, whose heart was always full of sympathy, allowed him to draw her closely to his bosom, and wipe away the last traces of tears.

Mr. Forest had a call to make on a young man who had just come to the city, who was a clerk in a store near the bank. He had discovered that this youth had a good musical voice, and he wished to invite him to attend the choir practice that night.

Mr. Roberts, the treasurer of the parish, was the cashier of the First National Bank. Just as Mr. Forest was passing the door Mr. Roberts stepped from his carriage to enter the bank. He stopped a moment to cordially shake hands with the rector, but gave no intimation that the good man should enter the door with him. Therefore, the rector passed on to do his errand in the store adjoining. He felt that it was better not to show his anxiety by asking for his month's salary, and therefore wended his way homeward, without being able to carry the cheerful news which he knew his wife was hoping to hear. Fortunately, when he reached the rectory, Mrs. Forest was busy with the baby, and so he sat down at his desk to attend to necessary writing. An hour later his wife appeared at the study door, the baby in her arms.

'John,' the tired voice said, 'will you take the baby for a little while? He seems fretful this morning, and I'm sure his teeth are troubling him.'

Baby gave a troubled wail, and the doting mother held him closer for a moment before handing him over to his father, only saying, 'Precious little darling! And does his dear little tooth make him feel so badly!'

Disposing of the baby, Mrs. Forest went about her duties in the kitchen, for no maid was there to help. The noon-day meal would be a very frugal one, for the larder was not well stocked. She had herself gone to the meat market, and bought a 'shin bone' for soup, because she had learned that that was the cheapest thing to buy, and the most 'satisfying' when made into soup, to which plenty of rice could be added. It was embarrassing to go to the market for anything now that the statement of the old account had come in, for it seemed to her that the market-man was wondering why she did not pay the bill.

Poor woman! if the anxiety that pervaded your honest heart could only have been transferred to the hearts of scores of men who gave no thought to their bills, and yet had money in plenty to meet them, how many shopkeepers would have been overjoyed as they saw the funds coming in, so that they, too, might do the same unto others!

The days went on till the morning of the glorious 'Fourth' had dawned. In the middle of the forenoon there was a ring at the door, and the rector found on answering that two couples were there from a small mission in a farming community. They were invited to the parlor, when, after much embarrassment on the part of the visitors it transpired that one of the couples wished to be married. They were taking advantage of the holiday, and had come to town for the wedding. They were known to the rector, but it was an unexpected call. However, all preliminaries having been settled, the couple were made man and wife, the service being said in the parlor. Before leaving the room the bridegroom awkwardly stammered his thanks to the rector, and handed him two silver dollars. Mrs. Forest heard the coin jingle in her husband's hand, and her eyes looked like saucers in her eagerness to see the amount of the fee. As soon as the door closed, she cried out:

'How much is it?'

'As the wedding fees all belong to you, I'll turn this over at once,' and he placed the two dollars into her outstretched hand.

Who can fathom a woman's brain? Quick as an electric flash, this little woman had decided what to do. Not a word did she say of her plans, and no one would have mistrusted that she was thinking of aught save the wedding just ended. The rector went to his study, the baby was asleep, and Mrs. Forest, in street dress, was slipping quietly out of the door. In ten minutes more she was at Barling's, intent, with the two dollars just received, on paying the bill that was owing them there. With a light step she went to the door, but it was closed.

.. ..
.. ..
.. STORE CLOSED ALL DAY, JULY 4th ..
.. ..
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was the legend on the door.

'Of course,' she said to herself, 'I might have known that, but I didn't think.'

'Didn't think!' The dear creature, of course she didn't, otherwise she would have been too masculine for a woman, and would have lacked that volatile spirit which makes woman so much the superior of man in vivacious energy.

Her husband never knew she had been out of the house, for she was back again quickly; and the two big silver dollars were burning a hole in her pocket.

'Never mind,' she soliloquized, 'I will pay that bill to-morrow.'

The morrow came, and Mr. Forest, without mentioning the matter to his wife, made up his mind to go to Mr. Roberts and ask for his salary. He went to the bank and inquired for the cashier. The teller answered his question by saying that Mr. Roberts had taken advantage of the legal holiday to go to the Lake, and, as business was always dull at that season of the year, he was intending to stay about ten days.

Did the poor man turn pale? He felt sick at heart, and at once retraced his steps for home. When near the rectory he met his wife, pushing the baby in his carriage, going towards the business part of town. The determined woman had hurried through her morning cares, and as there was no one with whom she could leave the baby she was taking him along on her way to pay out those two silver dollars to the dry goods creditor.

'Why, John, what's the matter? Are you sick? You look so pale!'

All this was said before the man could answer at all.

'No, dear, I'm not sick; but come back to the house and let us talk over matters.'

'But what is the matter?' and the little woman's voice was more penetrating than was desirable.

'Not so loud, dear. I'll tell you all about it as soon as we go in,' and having reached the door, they passed in.

The story was soon told. Ten days more, at least, of waiting before any salary could be collected, and nothing in the house to provide with. Yes, the two dollars were still in the pocket of the 'Secretary of the Treasury.' This amount would do till Mr. Roberts returned.

'And Barling's bill must wait,' said the honest woman to herself.

When Mr. Roberts returned the rector called at once, and asked for his month's salary.

'Well, I declare,' said that functionary, 'I forgot all about it,' and the went to the book-keeper, asking him to turn to the 'Church account.' Soon he returned to his private office, where Mr. Forest was anxiously waiting.

'The fact is,' he said, 'collections have been pretty light lately; there are so many out of town for the summer. I will give you forty dollars to-day, Mr. Forest, which is all there is to the credit of the account, and—'

'It is a disappointment, Mr. Roberts,' said the rector, interrupting, 'not to have it all.'

'Yes, doubtless,' said the great banker, 'but I can't do any better. You see,' he continued, 'the directors of the bank had a meeting on the first day of the month, and passed very stringent resolutions that no overdrafts must be allowed. The teller has been so instructed, and I can't well break the rule myself, or else I would overdraw enough to pay you in full.'

'Very well,' meekly replied the rector, completely awed by the statement as to how a great financial institution was managed. And, taking the forty dollars, he went back to his waiting wife.

The story was all told and plans were made for the future. The money to pay the two statements was counted out, and soon carried to the respective creditors. The receipted bills were placed away as souvenirs, 'for, you know, dear,' said the cheerful body, 'that we are never to have another bill.'

'I hope not,' said the less sanguine man.

(To be Continued.)

[For the 'Messenger.'

TWO NEW YEAR'S DAYS.

(By the Rev. P. M. Macleod, Victoria, B.C.)

Eccles. i., 9; Matt. ix., 17; Rev. xxi., 5.

Look at this house. It is old and battered with the storms of many a winter and the scorching sun of many a summer. This fence round it is crooked and full of unsightly gaps, and the garden is only decent-looking when the snow out of pity covers up the weeds and rubbish with its beautiful white mantle.

The inside of the house corresponds with the outside. The floors are marked with the grime of years. The furniture is worn out and in a chronic state of giving way, so that it is dangerous to sit down. The kitchen is in a sad mess, and the stove is of an old-fashioned pattern calculated to waste the wood and spoil the food. The sitting-room is like a tomb rather than a living room, and has not only old furniture but is rendered more interesting by having a very old smell.

Ah! when, years ago, the young couple furnished that room they took great pride in it, but now it is never opened except when a stranger calls. But now you want to know the people who live in this house, and so I will describe them to you, but I will only tell you the names of the children. The father is sitting in the kitchen, and he is worth looking at. He is not good looking, but there are marks of intelligence in his face, and when he smiles he shows that once he must have been prepossessing in appearance. He is a middle-aged man, somewhere about fifty years old, and looks older than he really is. He is a disappointed man. He once was in a better position, but he has come down in the world, and so of course he considers that the world is all wrong. His wife is a poor, tired out, disheartened woman, who has lost her beauty and her brightness, and whose life is without a single gleam of the sunshine that once lit up her path.

The children, a little boy and girl, were such as you would expect to find in such a home. Old in bitter experiences of the trials and hardships of life, though but young in years. Why, Johnny could not have been more than ten years old, and yet that boy sat at the fire with such gravity that you might have thought him as old as his father. And Mary was only eight, and she, too, had a pinched and hungry look that hid her childishness.

Now, it was Christmas time, and the children had that day got their holidays, and as they had heard the other children talking about the grand times they were to have during the holidays they thought it would be a good time to ask their father some questions. So Johnny said:

'Father, will Mary and I get any presents?'

'No,' was the answer, in a gruff voice.

'Will we get any new clothes?'

'No.'

'Will we have a new year? I

heard the boys speaking about the new year.'

'No,' said the father. 'There is no new year for the like of you. There is nothing new under the sun for us.'

'That's quite true,' said the children's mother. 'I only wish I could die; I am thinking that is the only way we will ever get anything new.'

And little Mary looked down at the old remnant of a frock of her mother's she was wearing, and sighed. And the father burst out against them all: 'Do you think it is my fault there is no new year in this house? I would like to hear anybody say that. Why, I'm sure I work hard enough, but it is always the same old year with us, the same poverty and want.' With this the father rose up and went away to his old haunt at the tavern to spend the evening with his chums over Old Rye and Old Tom, and to make it quite certain that the new year would be the same as the old one.

The mother went on with her work with a sad heart, but said nothing, and Johnny says, 'Come on, Mary, we will go out to the Band of Hope meeting.' So off they trudged, hoping to forget for a little while their sorrows. 'It is too bad,' said Johnny, when they were passing the toy shops; 'we never get toys or candies or anything.' But Mary did not complain, although her wee heart was yearning for one of the pretty dolls she saw in a window.

That night these children heard their own home described and their own sorrows uttered. The speaker said that wherever drink was or any other open sin there could be no new year. There will be the old poverty, quarrelling and wretchedness in 1895, so that there can be no new year, unless men and women make a new start.

Johnny and Mary set out for home when the meeting was over a good deal the better of spending the hour in that pleasant hall. When they reached home the fire was out and there was no wood, and their mother was sitting shivering, not only because of the cold but because her husband would soon be in, and she knew well what to expect when he found there was no fire, and no wood to make one. Johnny and Mary got into their beds with the hope of getting warm there, and before they were asleep the father appeared.

When he had staggered to the fire and found no warmth he said nothing but struck at his wife with his great, strong fist, and felled her to the floor. Then up rose these little children and ran to their mother and cried over her, but they were not strong enough to lift her. And the husband, who was somewhat sobered by what he had done, said not a word while the little children were trying to bring their mother back to consciousness. Then he lifted her up, and laid her on the bed. By-and-by they got her round, but she had been seriously hurt by the fall, and when her husband wakened in the morning from his drunken sleep he found the children standing at her bedside crying, while she was crying out with pain. He went for the doctor, and then came and sat down by his wife and professed great anxiety about her, and was really very kind, for he knew well his drunken blow had done her this injury.

Well, when he was thus watching one day and looking at her pale, worn face, he began to think of the bright, rosy young girl she was when he first knew her, and of all the sorrow he had caused her. And just then his eye fell on Mary's little pledge card, and he read it over, and saw that he was asked to sign it, too, as the child's parent. And he got out his pen and ink and wrote his name, and then gave the card to Mary. Oh, but she was pleased, and kissed her father and said, 'We will have a new year after all.' But now the father had signed the pledge he felt very miserable. He thought the home never looked so empty and bare as it did now. He thought everything that he ate had a bad taste, and that the water was hurting his health. He tried to make some improvements, but everyting seemed to look the worse of his attempts. He patched the fence with old boards, and that did not improve matters; he patched the broken windows with brown paper. He patched the furniture, but made a poor job of it. And as the mother was sick he tried to patch Johnny's pants, but with the saddest results for Johnny came home with bigger holes than ever.

The poor man was getting tired of his resolution, and all these failures made him ready to think that his signing the pledge was as poor a business as the patching.

'You can't change your habits at my time of life,' he said, and he was just going out when Johnny came rushing in with a handbill: 'Temperance Meeting To-night. Come, Everyone.'

'Father,' he says, 'will you go and take me; it's a great speaker who is to be there.'

'I will,' he answered, and thought to himself, I may as well hear what they have to say anyway, and I can get a drink on the way home if I want it. So off they set to attend the temperance meeting. And that night the speaker was telling his own experience, and Johnny's father never took his eyes off the orator, who told a story so like his own that he had to mutter every moment, 'That's true; that's true.'

Then the speaker came to the point where he signed the pledge, and how wretched he felt when the old appetite was tugging at him, and how he gave way and fell deeper into the mire than before. 'The fact is,' said the speaker, 'signing the pledge was like putting a new patch in an old garment, the rent was made worse.' Johnny's father thought of his patched fence, patched windows and patched furniture, and so understood well what the speaker meant. And he thought, 'If I had gone to the tavern to-night I would have made the rent worse.' But the speaker did not explain how he finally conquered and was able to keep his pledge, so that Johnny's father could follow him, so he set out for home very unhappy. But as they were passing a church they noticed that it was all lit up, and when they asked why service was to be held at ten o'clock at night the answer was, 'Oh, this is the watch-night service; come in and I will get you a seat.' Well, in they went, and it was years since Johnny's father had been in a church, so he felt very strange. But soon he became interested, and when the minister rose and said, 'My text is in Revelation xxi., 5, "Behold, I make all things new,"' the heart of Johnny's father was greatly touched. Why, he said to himself, this is what I need; no patchwork; I want all things to become new.

The minister spoke very simply and earnestly. And among other things he told them it was in vain to expect a new year unless they had new hearts, and this God had promised to give to those who asked him. He further told them that if they had new hearts they would live a new life and would have new hopes and all things would become new. He told them how Christ died and rose again so that we might become new creatures in Him. Johnnny's father felt the tears coming, and he did not try to keep them back, and cried, 'O Christ, give me a new heart.'

And while this was hapepning in the church the poor sick mother and Mary were waiting with great anxiety for the return of Johnny and his father. And when they heard their footsteps at the door how their hearts beat, for fear the father had gone back to his old ways. But Johnny burst in with such a happy face they saw in a moment that all was well. And the father came up to his wife's bedside and stooped down and kissed her, saying, 'A happy new year, Mary.' The poor woman blushed like a young girl to hear him talk like that to her, but said, 'The same to you, John.' Then the father went and got the Bible and read at Revelation xxi., and told his wife what he and Johnny had heard. Then they knelt down round the bed and prayed that now the Lord would make all things new for them.

Then they all went to bed, and the poor sick mother got such a sweet sleep as she had not enjoyed for years. On New Year's morning, when they sat down to breakfast, Johnny said, 'Father, I know what a new year means now, and I wonder if all the people are as happy as we are.'

Poor little things. The home was as poor as ever yet. The breakfast was a poor affair as far as eatables were concerned, but Johnny and Mary enjoyed it amazingly, and their father spent the whole day in trying to make them enjoy their new year's day.

And now a year has passed away. Whose house is that? It has a pretty fence round it, and a neat garden. It is painted, and has nice green blinds in the windows. You go inside and you find a beautiful base burner in the hall, and the parlor a nice bright, warm and cheerful room. A kitchen the very picture of neatness and comfort. Ah, we have just caught the family enjoying their New Year's dinner.

A turkey, a pudding, and a bright little boy and girl, who have as happy and contented faces as you could find in the city. And the father says to the mother, 'Was Solomon right when he said there was nothing new under the sun?' 'Yes, John,' answered she; 'he was right, everything that is new is above the sun, not under it.'

'Johnny,' said the father, 'was it true what Jesus said, that it is no use putting a new patch in an old garment?'

'Yes, father, you made a very bad job of my old pants. I like a new suit best of all.'

'And Mary, has Jesus made all things new with us?'

'Yes, father, we have new hearts, a new home, and we live a new life, and we are on our way to the new Jerusalem.'

HOW MUCH IS YOUR BOY WORTH?

A tall Kansas man said: 'Put me down for $20; I have six boys and if necessary will make my subscription more; to save them, a $100 bill would be a small amount.' He was a hard-working farmer; but he loved his boys, and as a consequence hated the liquor traffic.

A New York merchant said: 'To my astonishment I found out that my eldest boy had taken a drink of beer.' That was enough; every energy of that business man is brought into active service to protect his son from the ravages of the liquor trade.

How much is your boy worth?

First: He is worth asking to sign the total abstinence pledge.

Second: He is of sufficient value to be sent to a Band of Hope or a temperance school to be instructed as to the effects of alcohol upon the human system and the sin of intemperance.

Third: He is of sufficient importance for you to know where he spends his evenings and who his associates are.

Fourth: He is of more value than many household pets, and is entitled to more of your time and attention.

Fifth: To say nothing of the value of your boy's good character, he has cost you for food, raiment and education more than what the average saloon-keeper pays for his license.

Sixth: 'As the twig is bent the tree is inclined.' It will be of great importance to you whether your boy is a valuable citizen or a curse to you and the neighborhood in which you reside. If he turns out good he will be worth his weight in gold; if otherwise, better he had never been born.

Seventh: Being immortal, he is worth a life's work to prepare him for a happy hereafter.

No license was ever made high enough to cover the lowest estimate that you can put on your boy if there's a spark of Christianity or humanity in your heart.

Nebraska virtually says its city boys are worth $1,000; altogether too low. New York city puts the price of her boys at $75, less than the price of a city railway horse. An insult to every mother!

What is your boy worth?

Tell me the value of his soul, and I'll name the price of the privilege to sell intoxicants.—From 'Union Handbills,' N. T. S.

TWO CLASSES.

The Word of God condenses the vast multitudes of heaven, earth and hell into two classes—sinners redeemed and sinners condemned. Our world may subdivide itself into nations, republics and kingdoms, with their peoples, and tribes, and races, but God takes knowledge of but two distinctions—those who accept and those who reject the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The atonement, in its wide sweep, embraces the world, yet cannot save a single man against his will. Christ gives to all the precious invitation, yet must sorrowfully say to some: 'Ye would not come unto Me that ye might have life,' John v., 40. Salvation is for all, yet each soul must accept for itself the blood-bought boon.—'The Light-Bearer.'

A B C FOR TEMPERANCE NURSERY.

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

I Is an Inn all clean and fine,
Where no bad drinks are kept;
So little Ike went there to dine,
Then went to bed and slept.

Idle men and boys are apt to go to places where men smoke, drink and play cards. They go to such places to look on; then they begin to smoke, drink and gamble. It is well to keep busy in useful things, and in nice sports. Then you will not be likely to get into mischief.

J Stands for drink that they call Jack,
Made out of apple-whiskey.
When it threw Jim upon his back
He did not feel so frisky.

Join a Band of Hope or a Loyal Legion, my little lad and lass. Learn all you can about temperance. Learn all you can of the evils of strong drink. Joy and peace will fill the land when no one drinks rum.

JEAN NOEL.

CHRISTMAS IN FRANCE.

By Florence and Edith Scannell.

Her mother was standing at the door, and was surprised and delighted to see her back so soon, for the snow was beginning to fall quite fast by this time, and she was afraid Jeanne would have been caught in the storm.

'Oh, mother!' cried Jeanne, 'I dropped the basket and broke all the eggs, so I did not go on. But stop, mother! don't be unhappy!' as the poor woman threw up her hands in despair; 'look here!' and Jeanne turned out the money from her pocket. 'I met a lovely little lady, all in blue—just like me!'

'Like you! Is the child mad?' exclaimed the mother, bewildered.

'No, I mean dressed like me; no, not like me,' hurried on Jeanne, too excited to arrange her ideas, 'but all in blue, only her coat was velvet—oh, so beautiful!—and she had the loveliest golden hair, and silk stockings, and blue eyes, and kid boots!'

Madame Briguez could not help laughing at Jeanne's mixed-up description.

'And what happened? Did she speak to you? Did she give you the money?'

'Yes, mother,' and Jeanne related the whole adventure; in fact, her mother heard of nothing else all the time she was preparing the supper.

'It must have been the little Countess Yolande and her brother. Babette said the children were to arrive before the rest of the family. That was why she was so anxious to have the eggs. What a pity they were broken! But don't trouble yourself, ma fille, I know you could not help that.'

'Mother, who is Jean Noel?'

'Jean Noel! Oh, that is an old tale. I remember my grandmother used to tell me about him. It is a legend that he is heard singing in the mountains about Christmas time, and generally comes to some poor cottage—sometimes in the form of an old man, sometimes as a little child. If the people are kind and receive him well they do not regret it, for he brings happiness and love with him. But it is a tale, mon enfant, so don't be troubling your head about him. The little Count was joking, that was all.'

'But is Jean Noel an angel, then, mother?' inquired little Jeanne in an awestruck tone, fixing her big, serious dark eyes on her mother's face.

'Yes, that's it,' answered her mother; 'and angels won't go where the people are bad, so it is only those why try to do their duty that Jean Noel ever visits, my grandmother said.'

Jeanne pondered deeply over this, until her father came in, looking like a snow man, so covered was he from head to foot.

'It is lucky it does not thaw yet, or I don't know how I should have got home,' he said, shaking the snow from his broad-brimmed hat and out of his long hair. 'Ah, soup, that is good!' as his wife placed a bowl before him, with a piece of black bread.

Jeanne was longing to tell him of her meeting, but he looked so wearied and sad that she did not like to begin till he had rested a while.

'Eh bien! Pierre, did you see Maitre Rigoux?' asked his wife.

'Yes; he says the money must be paid by the first of January or we must turn out, as he has another tenant willing to pay more rent.'

'Oh, Pierre! after your father and grandfather having always lived here! I am sure the Count would not turn us out. If we could only let him know!'

'Ay, that's just it—but we can't; and, what's more, there's no chance of our getting the money. I went round everywhere I could think of to see if any wood was wanted, but only got an order from the Doctor for a few logs.'

'If only Jean Noel could come!' thought little Jeanne. 'What a pity those olden times were past when her great-grandmother was alive and such things happened!'

She was very silent and thoughtful all the evening, knitting diligently away at her stocking, till her mother sent her off to bed.

The next morning Jeanne was up early, searching eagerly in the henhouse for eggs.

'Mother! mother! here are three eggs? Shall I take them up to Tante Babette? They would make a little omelette for the young Countess.'

'Yes, dear child, you shall go with them; it is a nice bright morning.'

Jeanne was soon ready and started on her way. She had a project in her little head, and was wondering how she could manage to carry it out. If she only had the courage! At last she reached the big iron gates of the old Chauteau, and managed to pull the bell by standing on tip-toe and holding on to the chain with both hands. It nearly lifted her off her feet, but she heard the clanging in the distance and the click of the bolt as it was drawn up a few minutes after and, pushing open the heavy gate, she trotted round to the back entrance and entered the big kitchen.

'Well, you little Good-for-Nothing,' said Tante Babette, her broad face beaming at the sight of her niece. 'Where are my eggs, I should like to know? A pretty person your mother is to promise me some. Let me see what you have there. Three! Why, have you come up all this way to bring me those? Bah—and I wanted them last night! Get along with you!' and Babette pretended to walk off in great indignation.

'But, Tante Babette, listen to me,' pleaded Jeanne, holding on to her aunt's thick woollen skirt. She then related her adventure of the day before.

'Oh, ho! that was it, eh? Well, I suppose I mustn't scold,' said Babette. 'Here, petite, I dare say you have not had much of a breakfast,' and she pushed Jeanne into a chair and gave her a bowl of warm milk and a piece of white bread, which was a great treat to the child. Jeanne chattered away, asking no end of questions about the little Countess, and told her aunt the trouble her father was in about his rent.

'Dear Aunt Babette, can't you ask M. le Comte to let us stay in the cottage?' she begged.

'My dear, I never see the Count; and I don't suppose he knows anything about the cottage. Maitre Rigoux arranges all that; the Count doesn't trouble himself about such things.'

Jeanne sat silent and troubled.

'If the little Countess Yolande would speak about it,' she said hesitatingly, at last. 'Would she listen to me if I asked her?'

Babette looked grave. 'Well, that is not a bad idea. I will go and ask Fanchette, the maid, if Mam'selle Yolande is willing to speak with you.'

Jeanne felt frightened while her aunt went to make the inquiry.

'It would make father and mother so happy,' she said to herself, to keep up her courage. She had been longing for this opportunity all the time of her walk to the Chateau, and now it had, perhaps, come, she felt her heart sink.

Babette returned, smiling.

'The Mam'selle will see you, ma petite. Now, remember to curtsey prettily.'

Jeanne got up and followed her aunt, holding a bit of her gown as they went up the stone staircase, and stopped at the door of a room in one of the round towers. Babette tapped at the door.

'Come in,' said the sweet voice Jeanne remembered. Babette opened the door and pushed in her trembling little niece.

'Good morning, little one!' said Yolande, smiling kindly at her.

Jeanne dropped a curtsey and stood twisting the corner of her apron, not knowing how to begin her story. She thought Yolande looked like an angel or a fairy as she stood there, her golden hair falling over her shoulders, and dressed in a white woollen frock and blue ribbons.

'Come and have some bon-bons, and would you like to see my doll?'.

Jeanne gazed in awe and admiration at the wonderful doll, dressed all in satin, which held an eye-glass in her hand, and could walk and turn her head, and she felt she ought to curtsey to such a fine lady. Yolande's brother was in the room, but was apparently absorbed in studying some old books, and did not come forward. After a little while, encouraged by Yolande's gentle, gracious ways, Jeanne made an effort to tell her trouble about the cottage. Yolande listened with great attention, and promised to speak to her father as soon as she could.

'He is not yet arrived; but I will not forget, little Jeanne.'

'Thank you, thank you, Mam'selle!' said Jeanne, her brown eyes shining as she made her best curtsey.

(To be Continued.)

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

Two gentlemen met on a steamer during a Scotch excursion and talked with interest of many things, amongst others of the Sunday-schools.

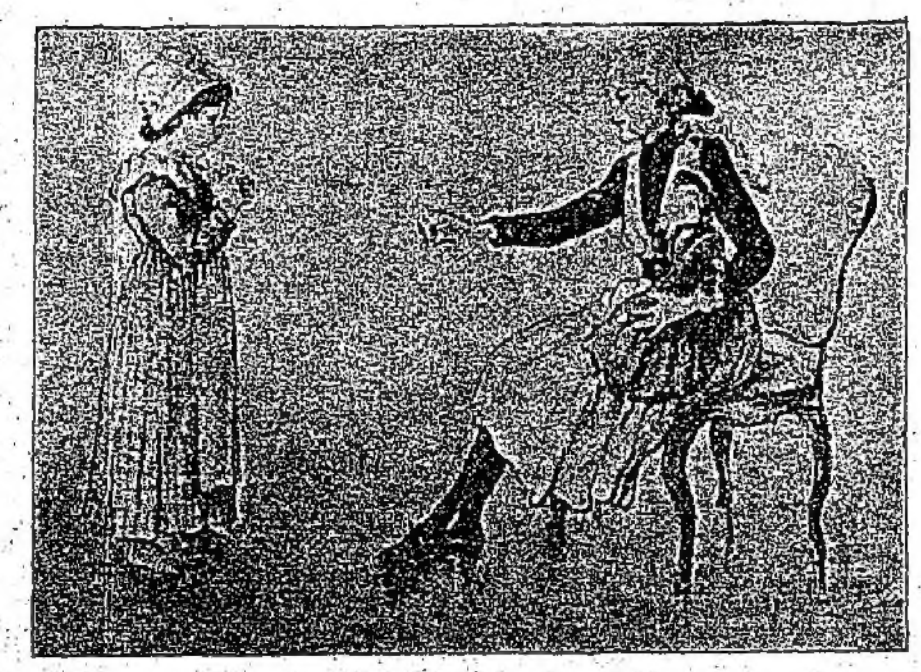
'To tell the truth,' said one, 'I am not very enthusiastic about that kind of work. I was a teacher for many years, and after all I seemed to have done no good.'

'Well, I do believe in Sunday-school work,' said the other. 'As a lad I received lifelong influences for good in my old class at school; and he named the school with which he had once been connected.

'Were you taught there?' cried the other. 'That was where I taught. Were you there in my time? My name is—'

'And I was your scholar. I remember you now.'

The younger man gave his name, and memories succeeded each other concerning that old school, unforgotten by both. There, side by side, stood the teacher, who believed he had done nothing, and the man he had influenced for life.—American paper.



SCIENTIFIC TEMPERANCE.

A SERIES OF LESSONS FOR BANDS OF HOPE, ETC.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham.)

LESSON XXVIII.—Tobacco Chewing.

1. Is tobacco a food?

No. Tobacco is not in any way a food. It stunts the growth instead of making the body grow, and weakens instead of strengthening it.

2. Why, then, do people put it in their mouths?

Only to spit it out again, and because the body, when it has grown used to it, has a craving for it.

3. Which is worse, to smoke or to chew tobacco?

Chewing is more harmful.

4. In what way does it do harm?

In several ways. First, it makes the saliva flow too freely, and, as it is wasted by spitting, the body is robbed of its needed quantity of saliva.

5. What is the consequence of this?

An unnatural thirst, which cannot be satisfied by water or any natural drink, and which, in a great number of cases, leads to the use of alcoholic liquors.

6. What other consequence is there?

The body is very much weakened by the loss of so much material as the chewer spits away. One physician says, 'Can we wonder that the chewer is haggard when he spits away his own weight in less than six months?'

7. How does the loss of saliva affect the digestion of food?

The saliva is necessary to the proper digestion of the food. Without it the food cannot be so changed as to strengthen the body. Anything which wastes the saliva hinders the digestion, and of course the strengthening of the body.

8. Does the tobacco do any other harm?

Yes, some of the juice of the tobacco is sure to be swallowed, and its poison irritates and makes sore the delicate surface of the stomach. From the stomach the poison enters the blood, and is carried by it to all the other organs of the body.

9. What do physicians say of the effects of tobacco on boys?

They tell us of all sorts of dreadful effects, and that 'no one who uses tobacco before the bodily powers are developed ever makes a strong, vigorous man.'

10. Is tobacco-using a gentlemanly habit?

No. It makes people careless about other habits. It is a filthy and disgusting habit, and those who indulge in it grow indifferent to cleanliness and purity in other ways, and to the comfort of other people.

11. And how do they show this?

They take no pains to protect other people from their foul breath and disagreeable ways, spitting on floors and sidewalks, and continually annoying sensitive people.

12. What other evil grows out of the use of tobacco?

Evil company. Tobacco users naturally go together, and, as the worst boys always use it, better boys come to associate with them, and so to grow bad. They learn to swear and drink, and to do all kinds of evil things.

13. Do you think it is a sin, then, to use tobacco?

It certainly is a sin, because it harms the body which God made, and which He declares to be His own temple, and because it leads to other sins.

14. What, then, is the only safe course to pursue?

To abstain wholly and always from the use of tobacco.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

This lesson is so simple as to require little simplifying. Question the children regarding the process of digestion, to be sure they understand the office of the saliva, and the importance of preserving its purity and abundance. Their own observation will show them the filthiness of the habit. Governor Morris was once asked 'if gentlemen smoked in France.' He replied, 'Gentlemen, sir, smoke nowhere!'

A little book, 'Facts About Tobacco,' issued by the National Temperance Society, New York, will be found exceedingly helpful in teaching this lesson and several yet to follow.

ROTTED OFF BY BEER.

This is not a temperance treatise, but it has a bit of fact in it that the total abstainer may show to the beer-drinker whenever occasion offers, says the New York 'Mail and Express.'

The attention of the New York hospital surgeons has been called to the large number of bar-tenders that have lost several fingers of both hands within the past few years.

The first case was that of an employee of a Bowery concert-hall. Three fingers of his right hand and two of his left were rotted away when he called at Bellevue one day and begged the doctors to explain the reason. He said his duty was to draw beer for the thousands who visited the garden nightly.

The man was in perfect health otherwise, and it took the young doctors quite a time to arrive at a conclusion. But they did finally, and it nearly took the beer man's breath away when they did.

'Your fingers have been rotted off,' they said, 'by the beer you have handled.'

Other cases of a similar nature came rapidly after this one, and to-day the physicians estimate that there is an army of employees of saloons whose fingers are being ruined by the same cause. The acid and resin in the beer are said to be responsible.

The head bar-tender of a well-known saloon says he knows a number of cases where beer-drawers have, in addition to losing several fingers of both hands, lost the use of both members.

'Beer will rot iron, I believe,' he added. 'I know, and every bar-tender knows, that it is impossible to keep a good pair of shoes behind the bar. Beer will rot leather almost as rapidly as an acid will eat iron. If I were a temperance orator, I'd ask what must beer do to men's stomachs if it eats away men's fingers and shoe leather. I'm here to sell it, but I won't drink it, not much.'—'Temperance Advocate.'

TEMPERANCE LONG AGO.

Mrs. Judd, of Iowa, tells in a recent number of the 'Union Signal' how she signed the pledge in her childhood. She says: 'About sixty-five years ago, when I was a small girl, there was a general awakening on the subject of temperance and 'What shall we do?' became the anxious cry all over the land. Everybody seemed to become conscious of an individual responsibility and many drew up a pledge never to drink whiskey, and signed it.

'It did not stop with personal safety, and family pledges were formed. The parents' names were written first and then the name of each child according to age. I well remember the day our family pledge was written and signed by father, mother and my sister and older brothers. One brother and myself were too young to write and so father read the pledge to us and explained its meaning—that we promised before God that we would never drink anything that could intoxicate; he gave us two days to think of it, then read it again, and said it was a most solemn thing to have our name there, that God's eye was upon it now and always would be, when we were grown and away from home, and God would bring us to account if we ever broke it. I remember what a new feeling of solemn personal responsibility filled my young heart as he wrote my name and showed it to me. Soon neighborhoods wrote their names on one large paper—'Never to use as a beverage any spirituous liquor; no cider, beer or wine.' Not long afterward town temperance societies were formed. These were the beginning of the temperance movement in our country. About that time the Washingtonians sprang up, and 'No, no, oh, no; no, I never will drink any more'—was sung from city to hamlet, from state to state, till Satan trembled and devised ways to retard the stream of pure cold water.'

TOBACCO A POISON.

No man of science attempts to deny that tobacco is a poison—a poison in relation to human organism—a rank poison, baneful and destructive. It has no assimilation with the process of nature—furnishes no blood, no muscle, and no bone—and when left to its legitimate action is completely destructive of the life-principle. Its poisonous effects are not always visible. It may seem to lie torpid in the system, as a viper in winter. Indeed, its effects may never be so visible in the immediate user as in his posterity, for, like a sea-monster, plunging deep, moving out of sight and coming up in the distance, so, in its malignant effects, this poison may appear in the second and third generations. Many a devotee, who now sports with the idea that he is injured by the 'weed,' will curse the world with homely, scraggy, half-idiotic grandchildren, totally ignorant of the cause. German doctors are telling the world to-day that it is next to impossible to heal the children of great tobacco-users, when beset with diseases otherwise curable.

Its action is insidious in relation to both individuals and nations. It sometimes shows its malignity in a cancer, paralytic stroke or a sudden death; but its chief strategy is the sapping and mining process, narcotizing individuals and whole nations whilst unconscious of it. It must do execution somewhere! To reason otherwise is a solecism, and ignores the whole doctrine of cause and effect. When a British peer, on the floor of parliament, said, 'My lord, in view of all the injuries tobacco has inflicted upon Europe, it is doubtful whether the discovery of America, which gave us that plant, has been a blessing or a curse,' he presented a problem worthy the study of the philosopher and historian.—George Trask.

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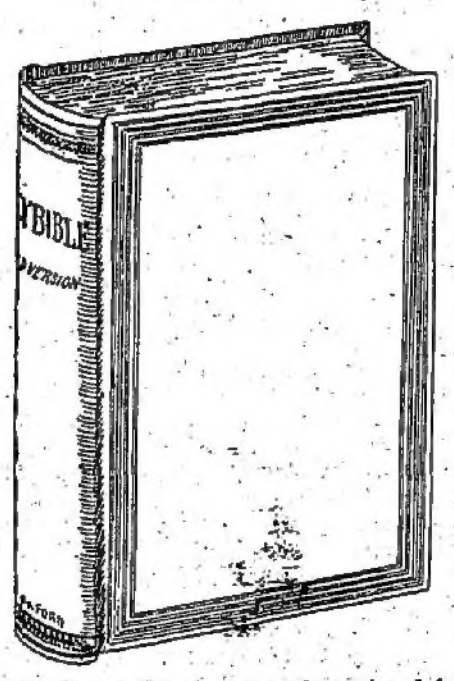

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